Enter the Queene.

Qu Who ſhall hinder me to waile and weepe,
To chide my fortune, and torment my ſelfe?
Ile ioyne with blacke deſpaire againſt my ſelfe,
And to my ſelfe become an enemy.

Dut. What meanes this ſceane of rude impatience?

Qu. To make an act of tragicke violence,
Edward, my Lord, your ſonne our King is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is witherd
Why wither not the leaues, the ſap being gone?
If you will liue, lament: if die be briefe:
That our ſwift winged ſoules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient ſubiects, follow him
To his new kingdome of perpetuall reſt.

Dut. Ah ſo much intereſt haue I in thy ſorrow,
As I had title in my noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his image:
But now two mirrours of his Princely ſemblance,
Are crakt in peeces by malignant death,
And I for comfort haue but one falſe glaſſe,
Which greeues me when I ſee my ſhame in him,
Thou art a widdow yet thou art a mother,
And haſt the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath ſnatcht my children from mine armes,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward, and *Clarence*, O what cauſe haue I
Then, being but moity of my ſelfe,
To ouergo thy plaints and drowne thy cries?

Boy. Good aunt, you weepe not for my fathers death,
How can we aide you with our kindreds teares?

Gerl. Our fatherleſſe diſtreſſe was left vnmoand,
Your widowes dolours likewiſe be vnwept,

Qu. Giue me no helpe in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring foorth laments,
All ſprings reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being gouernd by the watry moone,
May ſend foorth plenteous teares to drowne the world:
Oh my husband for my heire Lord *Edward*,

Ambo,

Ambo. Oh for our father for our
Dut. Alas for both, both mine *E*
Qu. What ſtay had I but *Edward*
Ambo. What ſtay had we but *Cl*
Dut. What ſtay had I but they an
Qu. Was euer widow, had ſo dea
Ambo. Was euer Orphanes had ſo
Dut. Was euer mother had a dear
Alas I am the mother of theſe moa
Their woes are parceld, mine are ge
She for *Edward* weepes, and ſo do I
I for a *Clarence* weepe, ſo doth no
Theſe babes for *Clarence* weepe an
I for an *Edward* weepe, and ſo doe t
Alas, you three on me three-fould d
Powre all your teares, I am your ſo
And I will pamper it with lamentati
Glo. Maddam haue comfort, all of
To waile the dimming of our ſhining
But none can cure their harmes by
Maddam my mother I doe cry you
I did not ſee your Grace, humbly on
I craue your bleſſing.

Dut. God bleſſe thee, and put me
Loue, charity, obedience, and true d

Glo. Amen, make me to die a good
Thats the butt end of my mothers bl
I maruaile why her grace did leaue it

Buc You cloudy Princes, and hear
That beare this mutuall heauy loade
Now cheare each others in each oth
Though we haue ſpent our harueſt
We are to reape the harueſt of his ſo
The broken rancour of your high ſw
But laſtly ſplinted, knit, and ioynd tog
Muſt greatly be preſeru'd, cheriſht,
Me ſeemeth good that with ſome litt
Forthwith from Ludlow the young
Hither to London to be crownd our

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